

The Alliance Herald

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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THE NEXT ENTERTAINMENT.

The crowds attracted to Alliance by the various public entertainments demonstrate quite effectively that, however much factional and class feeling exists or may be stirred up from time to time, the people living in the trade territory of Alliance look upon this city as their natural buying center. They really like to come to this city; they like to trade here; and they like our brand of entertainment.

Times have changed, as evidenced by the taste in public entertainment. A decade or two ago, communities of this size could stage a public celebration for a few hundred dollars. Amusements were not so plentiful in those days, and programs did not need to be elaborate or expensive. But, with hundreds of communities competing to see which could put on the most elaborate shows, and spend the most money, the entertainment feature was gradually lost. It came to be a matter of drawing crowds to make money, rather than to establish cordial relations, cement friendships and develop good will.

Alliance has, the past year or two, got back, in a measure, to the spirit of other days. Not completely, perhaps, but there are merchants who realize that it is better to have a smaller crowd, make less money and have everyone go away satisfied and feeling good than to spend a lot of money, charge heavy admittance fees and have the farmers leave the city feeling that they had been farmed instead of entertained.

This city, has for several years, sponsored an annual race meet. It has been an expensive proposition. There have been cards that were equalled only by the large racing centers. It takes money to hang up purses that will attract the crowds from that great distance. Large purses require heavy attendance, and if the attendance cannot be counted upon, the admittance fees are high. The chamber of commerce, which has fathered the race meets, has lost money every year but one, and the race meet account has shown a growing balance on the red side of the ledger.

Which brings us to the idea of several merchants for the conduct of the race meet this year. It is suggested that racing is a popular sport; and that people in this part of the country like to come to celebrations of some kind. Alliance can hardly afford not to stage some sort of entertainment at least once a year. The merchants in question have taken a tip from Fairview. This little community of live farmers have managed to do wonders in entertaining their own people all the time, and the entire county once in a while. They have been moving spirits in the county baseball league this year; their literary programs and entertainments draw people from a good distance outside their territory. But at their celebration last year they rang the bell. They put on a show that was worth going to see. They weren't prepared to handle a big crowd to the best advantage, but the people who came in a thousand or more automobiles went home satisfied.

The Fairview idea of entertainment it is proposed to use for Alliance this year. It is suggested that we have a race meet—but instead of making up big purses for the owners of racing animals from outside the state, encourage competition of home people. Instead of charging heavy admittance fees, the amount can be cut in half, or ever more. The chamber of commerce will do well to ponder over the idea. Last year's race meet resulted in some good racing, but also in considerable crabbing on the part of the guests. A lot of good home men did their viewing of the races from a point outside the fence and far enough away so that the ticket sellers never saw them.

Incidentally, the chamber of commerce is the proper organization to put over these entertainments. It is interested, not primarily in making money, but in developing good will and cordial business relations. Every public entertainment affects the standing of every merchant, and all who are interested should have a voice in making the plans. The merchants co-operate. With the entire membership interested, all sore spots can be eliminated and true co-operation can

become possible. This is one of the principal functions of the chamber of commerce, and it is not only better equipped to put the idea over, but can command whatever support is necessary.

SOMETHING NEW.

Possibly the prophet was right about it, and there is nothing new under the sun, but the other day something happened to us for the first time. The Herald has but one rule in regard to stories of offenses against the law—and that is to print all of them. Several times we have explained just why this course is followed, and the average man or woman will listen respectfully and applaud mightily, and then, when it is proposed to make no exception in his favor, waxes wrath. It's the way of the world, and editors have grown to expect it. The same man who will applaud publicity for his neighbor's family never feels quite the same way when the spotlight is turned in his direction.

Newspaper men have hundreds of requests to suppress news. The request may come from a friend of the culprit, his friend or his family. It's easier to listen to the friend than to the others. At least, he is unselfish about it. The culprit usually speaks as though he were the most unselfish of mortals—he wouldn't care if the world knew; he can take his medicine, but the blow will simply kill mother, or dad, or sister or brother. Funny thing, isn't it, how a man will forget all the folks at home and run risks of this kind, and how, once in jail, he will suddenly remember what he owes to them. Not only does he realize that they should be protected, but he tries to get the newspaper to do the protecting that he should have done in the first place. How often must it be pointed out that newspapers do not manufacture the news; they print only what someone else does. The man who forgets his family and does things that he shouldn't, cannot rightfully expect strangers to have consideration and respect for his parents that he lacks.

When members of a family want to keep "something out of the papers," they ask, selfishly, for a favor they have no right to expect to be granted. No newspaper man will intentionally bring disgrace upon an innocent man or woman. But the newspaper owes a duty to its subscribers. The news must be printed—subscribers pay for it and expect to get it. Publicity has the good effect of acting as a deterrent to crime. It is feared by many more than the courts. To be effective, it must be pitiless; it must be thorough. The time has gone by when legitimate news will be suppressed as a "favor" to anyone. The newspaper man who does this sort of favor for one man is faithless to the hundreds who trust in his integrity and rely on him to print the news they pay for.

We mentioned that something entirely new had happened to us. We have had dozens of calls from offenders who thought, too late, of the effects of their misdeeds upon their families. We have had dozens of calls from families who wanted protection against the publicity of misdeeds of

one of their members. But for the first time, we had a man say to us in effect: "The culprit is my son, all right, but he's over twenty-one. What he does is his own responsibility, not his parents'. I've no objection to your giving him what's coming to him, but leave me out. I'm not to blame—it's none of my affair."

If we were inclined to sermonize, here's a topic that is worth discussion. But you can take this father's attitude as a basis for a lecture and write it yourself—if you need it.

SIDETRACKED.

(Omaha News.)
Thirty-two senators and 435 congressmen will shortly go back home and ask the people to re-elect them to another term in Washington. And many of them are frankly worried. Having ridden into office on a wave of a tempest of dissatisfaction with things as they were, they now fear they may be ridden out of office on a wave of dissatisfaction with things as they are.

The present huge G. O. P. majority, independent observers admit, is largely the result of the nation-wide unrest which had this country in its grip in 1920. Sensing this unrest, the "outs" could not resist temptation.

"Vote for us," they chorused from Maine to California, "and we will bring you back the good old days!"

"Normalcy" was the most effective appeal of all these candidates. Folks were told that a victory for Harding meant a through ticket on the Good Times Express right back to the milk-and-honey days of before the war.

But somehow "normalcy" got sidetracked. Taxes are still high and may go higher. Between Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and congress they are propounding a \$750,000,000 deficit in our next budget and new taxes will have to be levied to meet it.

Farmers are up against it and clamor in vain for relief. Industry is still nervous and the cost of living refuses to climb down—albeit the very bottom has dropped out of farm products, basis of our living.

Wages are on the decline and some 6,000,000 unemployed are looking for jobs.

These are just a few of the kicks "Normalcy" has received.

So it is that beads of clammy perspiration stand forth on the apprehensive political brow.

It's going to be a hard summer. Just as it has done for all opportunists since time began, the season has arrived for reconciling the "now" with the "then," and it is not going to be easy.

It is predicted that some of our congressmen and senators may be missing when the new congressional roll is called.

THE NEWEST DANCES.

(Merriman Maverick.)
Recently Brother Green attended a modern dance, and in the beginning of his description of that dance he states that when he was a boy he used to attend a dance occasionally his own self. "Then," says Green, "they danced the cotillon, the schottische, the polka, the waltz and the quadrille. "These days," continued Green, "I was hearing so much about the fox trot, the dog walk, and the bunny hug, and that famous jazz music that I got curious. The first thing I noticed was the music. The pianist was playing a 'hot' thing. He seemed to be trying to climb up the front of the piano and on top without stopping to spit on his hands. The floor manager said he called the 'The Hod Carrier's Delight.' Then I got to watching the dancers. One rather young couple both undersized, clasped each other around

the waist with one arm, fell upon each other's chest, gazed heavenward with a rapt attitude of pious devotion. They called this 'The Maiden's Prayer.' I then noticed another couple; he was patting her on the back and shoulders and rubbing her on the neck with his left hand and massaging the left side with his right hand. This was called 'The Osteopath.' He was probably treating her for heart trouble. A very tall man and a short sweet-faced girl were doing a favorite dance called 'The Chiropractor.' His big muscular right arm was operating up and down her back bone and she seemed to cringe with every adjustment. One of the most popular dances was being performed by a little girl with bobbed hair and a short fat fellow. She had forgotten to tie a string about her waist, and he was holding her fondly and lovingly to his breast to prevent her escaping from him. They did very little foot work but kept up a continual jerking of both shoulders and one hip. This was called 'The St. Vitus.' Then the orchestra broke wildly into a scream they called a one step, and a short heavy chap and a tall lanky girl did a very impressive interpretation dance. She bent over him and placed the tip of her powdered nose just under his right ear while he clasped her madly about the waist with both hands and with both eyes fixed heavenward pranced about the floor. Although they were bumped into by several couples they never relaxed their hold. "This they called 'The Dying Calf.'"

HEART TO HEART

(York Republican)
There is something strange about the average subscriber's attitude toward his newspaper. A subscriber who will be very frank to tell his grocer that the butter was strong or the clothier that his suit doesn't give satisfaction, will call at the newspaper office and stop his paper without a word of explanation, or, if he has not attained the full stature of manhood he will mark it refused at the postoffice. The newspaper business is just a little different than any other. The newspaper is the product of some editor's industry and talent. How much of the latter he may lack does not matter. The paper is the child of his fancy and ambition. He feels—and his position is eminently correct—that relation between himself and his subscribers is something more than barter and exchange. It is a personal interest and when the paper has offended a subscriber or fails longer to enlist his interest and patronage the editor has a right for his own satisfaction and the good of the paper to know wherein the fault lies. Editors are human—too much so to be happy and contented with their lot. Better newspapers would be the result if people who read the newspapers would register their judgments about their paper over the editorial desk instead of in the post office or from the far end of a telephone line. The editor needs honest criticism that purports to make better newspapers. He will welcome those callers who come to lodge their honest complaints. But for the class who fly off in a passion at something in the paper that does not agree with their views and register their complaint by the route of a "refused" card at the post office the editor entertains about the same feeling that the dentist did for a customer who got dissatisfied with his store teeth, took them out of his mouth, put them in his pocket and sat down and bit himself.

"Kansas Hen Lays Thirty Eggs in Thirty Days." An egg a day keeps the hatchet away.—Debs Magazine.

Chicken Dinner
Saturday Noon, May 6

AT M. E. BANQUET HALL
50c PER PLATE

MENU

CREAMED CHICKEN MASHED POTATOES CABBAGE SALAD HOT ROLLS
BAKED BEANS JELLY BEET PICKLES PIE AND COFFEE
NOODLES

THERE WILL ALSO BE A FANCY WORK BOOTH.

Methodist Ladies' Aid



"Who said Kellogg's Corn Flakes? Oh, good, I am, because we're going to have KELLOGG'S for our supper, 'see we won't dream!'"

Leave it to the kiddies to pick Kellogg's Corn Flakes—they are never tough or leathery!

Put a bowl of KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes and a bowl of imitations in front of any youngster! Then see KELLOGG'S disappear! Try the experiment yourself! It's great to know the difference in corn flakes—the difference between the genuine and the "just-as-goods"! Kellogg's have a wonderful flavor that would win your favor by itself—but when you know that Kellogg all-the-time crispness! Well—they just make you glad! Kellogg's are never tough or leathery or hard to eat!



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLES and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled

TOMORROW!



HOW OFTEN DO WE USE THE WORD
—HOW OFTEN CONSIDER IT?

Are you preparing for tomorrow? You have a good job, perhaps, at present; are making sufficient money to see you through from week to week. But what are your aims, your ambitions? What are you going to do, or be, in life?

It Always Takes a Start

You must begin sometime, some way. A savings account will do wonders toward giving you the necessary START. Think it over, then come talk it over.

PUT YOUR MONEY IN A STRONG BANK

Alliance National Bank
Alliance, Neb.

Polarine MOTOR OILS
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEBRASKA

PACKARD **FORD**

For the Packard we recommend the following grades:
Summer MEDIUM HEAVY
Winter MEDIUM HEAVY
Transmission TRANSMISSION OIL
Differential TRANSMISSION OIL

You Should Know EXACTLY Which Grade of Motor Oil to Use

It sometimes happens that an unusual operating condition in a given make of motor makes advisable the use of a grade of motor oil which would not have been used had the motorist used ordinary methods of selection or followed casual advice.

The matter of finding precisely the right lubricants for your motor—for everybody's motor—seemed so necessary to this company that our experts examined the entire field of automotive equipment; testing, checking and re-testing, until a chart of specifications was evolved which makes it impossible for you to go wrong. This chart, called the Polarine Chart, is printed in the Red Crown Road Map, which has been mailed to every Nebraska motorist. If you have not received it, write direct to the company. A brief glance at the chart will tell you which grade of Polarine you should use. Follow the specifications consistently and much of the overhauling, replacement of worn or broken parts, burned-out bearings and other expensive and unnecessary repair jobs will be eliminated.

Polarine Oil is made in four grades—medium light, medium heavy, heavy, and extra heavy—but only one quality. Get the proper grade for your car—at the same place you buy clean-burning, scientifically balanced Red Crown Gasoline.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEBRASKA

Polarine

For the Ford we recommend the following grades:
Summer MEDIUM LIGHT
Winter MEDIUM LIGHT
Transmission MEDIUM LIGHT
Differential TRANSMISSION GREASE